



**The Text**

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## NOTICE

All material handed in to this paper must be written upon one side of the paper only.

## EDITORIAL

Midyear is over and the second term has now commenced. Start the new term with a determination to go in and win. If you are not satisfied with your record for the first term, waste no time in idle regrets, for past failures, but start with a determined effort to improve to a 100% level best. When a man gives the best that is in him to an undertaking, he is in school life or in business life, success is almost certain to follow.

The first few weeks of this term are the most important for the welfare of the entire student body. In addition to the basketball games and the Textile Show, we have the plotting of the freshman by the various fraternities. And to offer a word of advice to the freshmen upon this latter subject, do not let your pledging become a social vice. This has always been noticeable that for the first two or three weeks immediately following pledging, the freshmen who are being initiated tend to let their school work slide. The man who derives the greatest degree of satisfaction from his four years in college is the one who thinks first of his studies and then of the various other phases of school life.

## JUST DON'T

Do you feel you'd like to quit? Don't! Get to feeling you don't fit? Don't! Do you want to yell "all-in"? Cane your will's a little thin? And you think you'll never win? Don't!

**The Text**

There's a kick you want to make? Don't! There's a head you want to break? Don't! Do you feel you want to whine? Like a genuine canine? And send blue streaks down the line? Well! Don't!

When you see a chance to duck? Don't! Keep right on without a stop! When you want to check your luck Don't! And you'll sure show up on top, 16, just when you want to drop, You Don't!

—C. L. Armstrong

**Fraternity Notes**

Date: Kappa Phi Fraternity has recently pledged Mr. Harry C. Brown, an instructor in the Engineering Department and also Mr. Fox, who is connected with the Cloth Analysis and Design Department.

**Picking Cotton by Electricity**

A device consisting of a farm tractor equipped with an electric generator, is being used successfully in the Northern cotton belt to pick cotton with electricity's aid. Hollow flexible tubes reach out in four directions from the center of the end of each is a pair of revolving brushes housed in a small metal frame, with an opening about the size of a man's fist, and sufficiently large to take a boll of cotton. The brushes are driven by an electric motor through a flexible drive shaft and revolve inwardly, toward each other, to catch the cotton, and another mechanism which pulls the cotton from the plant the moment it comes in contact with the brushes. It is then sucked up the hollow tube and deposited in a receptacle carried on the tractor. Tests have indicated that the electric cotton picker handles 100 pounds of cotton per hour, from 400 to 700 pounds of cotton a day as compared with 70 to 150 by hand.

**TELECOGRAPHS**  
More than twenty vessels ranging in size from a small fire boat to big Atlantic freighters and warships, are now propelled by electricity in the United States. Some of the best known examples of these railroads. The first contract for a stretch of forty miles was placed with an American concern, the International General Electric Company. "Extensive electrification of the Spanish roads which run through mountainous terrain, is expected to follow."

A lighting system has been devised for bigwheels which makes it possible for night automobile drivers to travel with headlights dimmed, so brilliantly is the

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roadway lighted. Part of the Lincoln highway will be lighted by this system.

The radio message sent by President Franklin D. Roosevelt to the first radio station on Long Island, was picked up in over seventeen foreign countries. The station is operated by the Radio Corporation of America.

One of the largest circuit breakers in the world is now in use in the American electrical concern. It is rated at 165,000 volts. According to Dr. C. F. Steinmetz, the energy dissipated when a circuit breaker of this size automatically opens on overload, is equal to the energy which would be consumed in a head-on collision between two 125 ton locomotives meeting at a speed of 45 miles an hour.

FATHER SUCCEEDED BY SON

**Aram Millet Appointed General Manager of Paragon Worsted Mills**

Aram Millet, son of the late Arthur C. and Mrs. Millet, 413 South Main street, has succeeded his father as general manager of the Paragon Worsted Mills at Providence. The appointment was made by the board of directors early this month.

Mr. Millet's wife received his early education in the public schools of this city, is a graduate of Ottawa University.

He also attended the Lowell Textile School.

Since he left Lowell Textile School,

he has been employed at the Paragon Mills and four years ago was made superintendent.

**SCHOOL NOTES**

Mr. Lupin of Somers, Manchester, Conn., a favorite authority on hygiene, gave a hurried visit to the school last Friday. Mr. Lupin is meeting with great success at the Cheney Bros. plant and from outward appearances enjoys his work immensely.

Exams are over for the Boston College team. Show the team that you are with them every minute of play.

Last call for material for the 1922 volume of the Picard. If you have any extra-jupe please hand them in as soon as possible.

The Text Show promises to be even better than last year, and that's going some. Get your seats immediately and take no chances of getting left.

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## The Bear Hunt

Continued from Last Issue

"There," thought I. "He has killed him."

But I saw that my comrade did not run towards the bear. Evidently he had missed him, or the shot had not taken full effect.

"The bear will get away," I thought. "He will go back, but he won't come a second time towards me—but what is that?"

Something was coming towards me like a whirling, swooshing as it came, and I saw the snow flying up quite near me. I gazed in amazement, and then there was the bear, running along the path through the thickest right at me, evidently beside himself with fear.

I was hardly a dozen paces off, and I could see the whole of him—his black chest and encircling head with a reddish mane, his long forepaws, his long tail at one end, and scattering the snow about as he came. I could see by his eyes that he did not see me, but, filled with fear, was rushing blindly along; and his peth kill him straight at the tree under which I was standing. I raised my gun and fired. He was aghast and stopped. He did not hear me fire, but still came headlong towards me. I lowered my gun, and fired again, almost touching his head. Crack! I had hit him, but not killed him!

I raised his head, and laying his ears back, I saw his teeth.

I snatched at my other gun, but almost before I had touched it, he had flown at me, and knocking me over into the snow, had passed right over me.

"Thank goodness, he has left me," thought I.

I tried to rise, but something pressed me down, and prevented my getting up. The bear's rich hair had carried him past me, but he had turned back, and had fallen on me with the whole weight of his body. I felt something heavy weighing me down, and something warm about my face, and then the bear's head was in my mouth, his whole face into my mouth. My nose was already in it, and smelt his blood. He was pressing my shoulders down with his paws so that I could not move; all I could do was to draw my head down towards my chest away from his mouth, trying to free my eyes, when I heard a snap and his teeth were broken. Then I felt that he had seized my fore-head just under the hair with the teeth of his lower jaw, and the flesh below my eyes with his upper jaw, and was closing his teeth. It was as if my face were being cut with knives. I struggled to get away, but he was too strong, and tried to close his jaws like a dog gnawing. I managed to twist my face away, but he began drawing it again into his mouth.

"Now," thought I, "my end has come!"

Then I felt the weight lifted, and looking up, I saw that he was no longer there. He had jumped off me and ran away.

When my comrade and Damian had seen the bear knock me down and begin worrying me, they rushed to the rescue. My comrade, in his haste, blundered, and instead of following the trodden path into the deep snow and fell down. When he was struggling to get up, the snow the bear was growing at me. But Damian just as he was, without gun and with only a stick in his hand, rushed along the path shouting:

"He's eating the master! He's eating the master!"

"And the man can be eaten by the bear?"

"Oh, you idiot! What are you doing? Leave off! Leave off!"

The bear obeyed him, and leaving me ran away. When I rose, there was as much blood on the snow as if a sheep had been killed, and the flesh hung in rags above my eyes, though in my excitement I felt no pain.

My comrade had come up by this time, and the other people collected round; they looked at my wound, and put snow

on it. But I, forgetting about my wounds, only asked:

"Where's the bear? Which way has he gone?"

"Suddenly I heard:

"Here he is! Here he is!"

And we saw the bear again running at us.

We seized our guns, but before any one had time to fire, he had run past

He had given a terrible screech, and wanted to run again, but seeing that many people he took fright.

He was by his tracks that his head was bleeding, and we wanted to follow him up; but, as my wounds had become very painful, we went, instead, to the town to find a doctor.

The doctor stretched up my wounds with silk, and then began to sew.

A month later we went to hunt that bear again, but I did not have a chance of finishing him. He would not come out of the circle, but went round and round, running in a terrible voice.

Damian killed him. The bear's lower jaw had been broken, and one of his teeth knocked out by my bullet.

He was a huge creature, and had splendid black fur.

I had him skinned, and he now lies in my room. The wounds on my forehead healed up so that the scars can scarcely be seen.

—Cont'd. Talbot.

### Results Delivered by the Basketball Team

(continued from Page 1)

The team had been invited to be in and an easy victory for the home team. New Bedford never had a chance although they were there with the spirit,

when the final whistle blew the score was 42 to 21 in Textile's favor. The boys were there excepting one, the game was a great one and fair defensive and passing game was improving.

Letters were sent after each of these games and the receipts turned over to the Athlete Association to cover guarantees and other expenses of the basketball team.

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Is known.  
Merrill. We have 105 windows per inch.  
Bud. He means pollock.

EMBARRASSMENT  
Ielly. I wish you would be more informative as to  
break the right draft of his eye glasses  
recently. For further details see Bird  
himself.

Freshman. Sorry.  
Frederick. "Ever ride a donkey?"  
"Blimey" Hollins. "Not 'till '13?"  
Freshman. "Why don't you get into  
yourself?"

1st Shifter. What would you call it if  
you had to call it something?  
2nd Shifter. An accident.  
1st Shifter. Good, now when if two  
ships come together?  
2nd Shifter. A collision.  
1st Shifter. Right, now what if three  
ships come together?  
2nd Shifter. I dunno?  
1st Shifter. Telepits

If Brown doesn't eat out that forest  
lunch in some of the instructors' lun-  
jokes, one of these days he's going to  
burst open his knapsack.

Delightful infections are being con-  
ducted every afternoon now in the cre-  
ation of the weaving dept. They are  
entitled "Medieval Methods," or "Bea-  
ting by Hand Power."

The Seniors in Wool and Sensors, in  
Engineering, are getting together for  
a couple of lectures a week now. The  
coefficient of friction is very high, the  
short comings of the Engineers being  
paraded by that silver-tongued orator,  
Sullivan with Brown, Smith, McGowan &  
Co., representing the interests of the en-  
gineers.

The Surriss and the Cloate are  
gaining in speed throughout the school  
with the Shifters still in the lead. Mr.  
Hoffrich was recently initiated into the  
Cloate answering all questions in the  
affirmative. The Past Grand Master of  
the Shifters wished to state then  
that the Cloate or the recently  
spring up called the High Shifters and  
that they should be disengaged by  
everyone; the sign used by them is the  
scratching of the left ear.

A Barn Joke  
The more a man's head gets to look  
like an egg the more susceptible he  
keeps to the influence of a chicken.

From the Ashland (N. H.) "Ce-spool"  
Hank Spooling appeared in public  
yesterday for the first time since them  
beats tried to swarm in his whiskers.

FREE  
Some barrel cayenne, ginseng  
pounds in a few months, accepted by  
leading physicians with the exception of  
Dr. Mary Lowell. Dr. "Hair  
Trigger" Keishall, Patent app. for Jan.  
20, 1922

JACK FARNER & HARRY SNIFF  
"I'll bet you a good dollar he's not."

When cigarettes grow on incacan  
trees.  
When Suhara's sands grow moldy,  
When cats and dogs wear B. V. D.'s.  
Then I'll have to study.

A foolish freshman.  
(He's not with us now.)

Lucy to Bud. (smoking a cigarette)  
Lucy. "I like your cigarette holder!"  
Bud. "Why, I never use me!"  
Lucy. "Oh, don't be so thick."

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